

A tale

The polystyrene aeroplanes
they came in paper packs
different colours
different models
assembled then to fly
- it was a gusty day
and in the yard at break
my model plane was blown
both out of sight and reach
and i was sad as children are
- my friend he smiled
and such a smile
as heartened me
and brought a unison of minds
mine lifted by
his lifting mine
- then from his bag
a new replacement plane
and showed the smile
had meaning that was true
and that he understood.
The sentimental man had told his tale
to those he'd known for years
assembled round the bar.
The academic yawned -
our story teller
knew he wasn't tired
to yawn he only meant
that he was breathing still.
His friend the lawyer sipped his pint -
the man who told the tale
might search for meaning here
as well as Gipsy Lee
might search in dregs of tea.
The postman smiled -
a smile that signified
no unison of minds
and showed that though he'd heard
they lacked a common ground.